

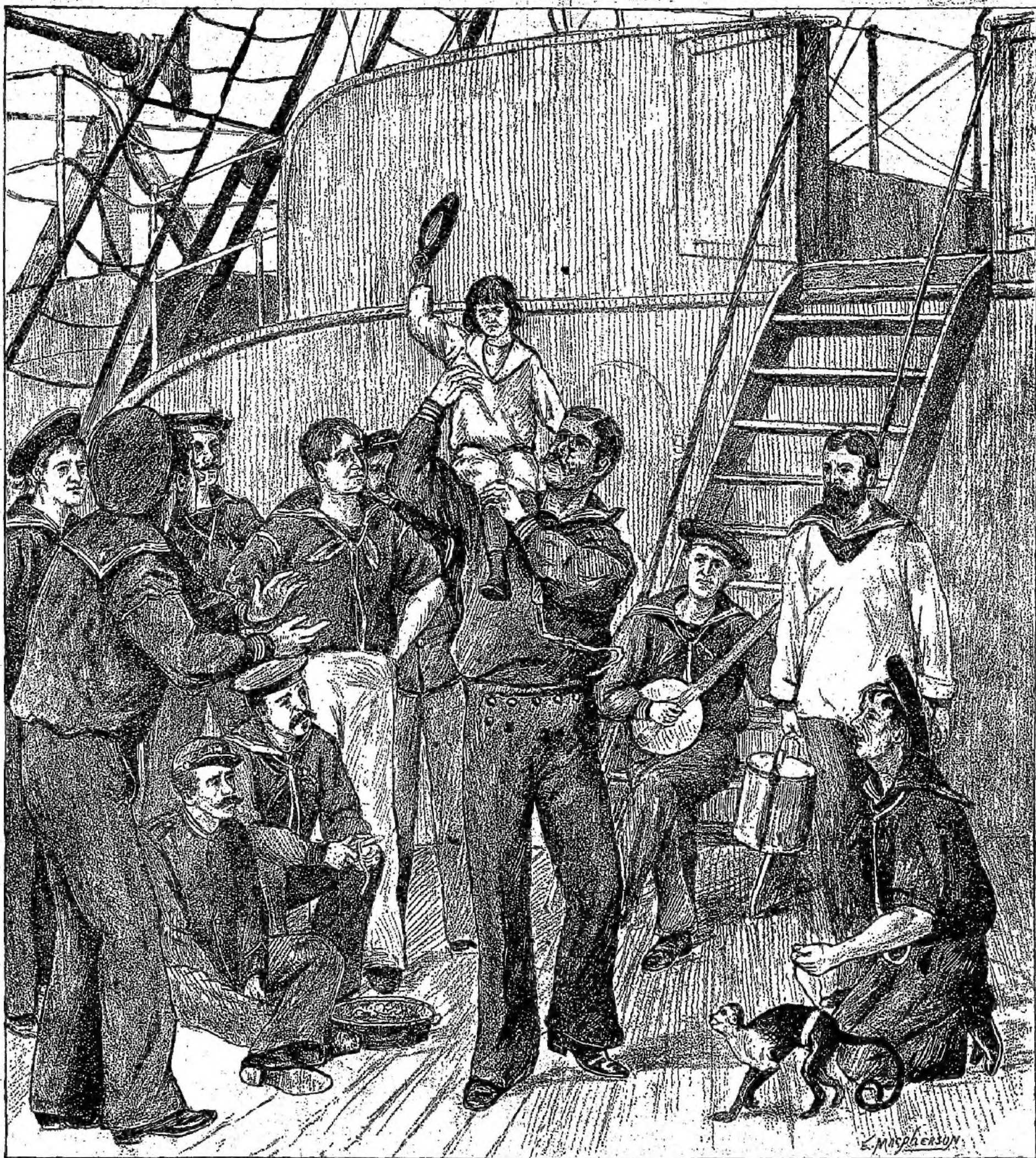
THE WEEKLY MESSENGER

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THE CAPTAIN'S KID.

W. M. P. 2008
GALLON QUE
AUBERT

THE COCKSWAIN'S STORY.

You know that little Dago who
Stood on the burnin' deck,
Because his father was too dead
To bid him quit the wreck?
Some folks may think it fine to write
A poem on w't he did,
But, say, he warn't a marker
To our Captain's little kid.

We was cruisin' just off Sandy Hook,
A-shootin' at a mark,
An' little Jack stood on the bridge,
And thought it all a lark,
'Stay right up there!' his father said,
Ap' knew the little kid
Would meet no harm, because he'd do
Exact as he was bid.

When, just like that, a shell with fuse
A-ligh' come rollin' aft,
An' men an' boys they skipped one side
Just like as they were daft.
'Twas just a silly trick o' some
Fresh mischief-makin' Mid.,
But it seemed all dead in earnest to
The Captain's little kid.

He gave one hasty look aroun',
His lip curled up in scorn,
Then swung hisself down on the deck,
An', true as you were born,
He grabbed that burnin' fuse in both
His little hands, he did,
An' yanked it out! Say, did we shout
Then for the Captain's kid?

The Captain come, an' he was mad,
'How dared you disobey?'
'Well, Pops,' the little chap spoke out,
'You see, 'twas just this way:
You wasn't here, but, Pops, I knew
Just w'at you would a' did,
An' so I took my chances. Was
I right?' The plucky kid!

The Captain, w'y, he just broke down,
An' fairly piped his eye,
An' nodded 'yes,' he was that choked
'Twas all he could reply.
That's w'y the men all stick to Jack;
He touched their hearts, he did,
Say, that Dago wasn't in it with
The Captain's little kid!

—H. G. Paine, in Harper.

THE SMALL BOY IN THREE LIGHTS.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

1. The small boy as a linguist.
'What is a miracle?' I asked, observing
that word in a verse of our Sunday-school
lesson on Philip preaching at Samaria.
'It's something made out of rock,—like
the calf, or something,' responded one
little fellow of about nine, who is really
quite a thoughtful boy.
I was in a somewhat confused state of
mind at the time of the answer, and did
not perceive from what probable source the
child could derive such a reply. Nor did
I become enlightened until, on returning
home and relating the incident to a friend,
she suggested that my scholar might have
mixed the two words 'miracle' and 'min-
eral.'

I am not sure but in the small boy's
mind there was some haze left yet about
the word 'miracle,' when I stopped speak-
ing of it. But, supposing I had passed
that verse by without asking that question,
what sense would the biblical mention of
the 'miracles' done by Philip have conveyed
to my scholar, if he thought at all of it?
Should not a teacher keep a sharp lookout
for words that may convey a wrong impres-
sion, or no impression at all, to a little
fellow's mind? Do we kindly do our duty
toward the small boy as a linguist?

'What does "repent" mean?' I asked,
during the same session.
'To tell every one,' was the answer,
given in good faith. Alas that the repent-
ance of some people does consist in word
rather than in deed!

The lesson on Philip and the Ethiopian
called forth another definition.

'What is a desert?' I questioned, and
Walter, after puzzling a moment, said, 'A
long brick place.' A reply that still causes
me wonder. (Walter, moreover, had a
notion of his own as to the motive of the
Ethiopian queen's treasurer in taking the
long journey to Jerusalem. We had pre-
viously ascertained in the class that a
treasurer was one who took care of the
queen's money and valuables. On my ask-
ing why the treasurer took the journey,
Walter said, 'he didn't want to take care
of the money.')
Such a blunder as the confusing of the

two words 'covenant' and 'government' is
very excusable, but might lead to mistaken
ideas if not explained.

The small boy as a linguist needs our
kindly help. Let us not forget it in teach-
ing him.

2. The small boy as his own commentator
on the lesson.

If the boy will talk about the lesson, let
his teacher listen patiently and kindly. It
is infinitely better than a listless scholar
and a too talkative teacher. Here is the
substance of what one frank, earnest,
nearly nine years old, little fellow said to
me in the class, speaking of God's being
everywhere and seeing everything.

'If you ran, and climbed up a tree, you
couldn't get away from him. He could
look right down at you. He'd be there
before you. And he doesn't have to run
to get there. He's everywhere.'

Did I need to teach any more about that
point?

3. The small boy as a prey for the
tempter.

A little fellow nearly nine years old gave
me an account of one temptation that he
met. At a certain town that my small
scholar was visiting, a boy took him out
riding. My boy enjoyed the ride very
much, but the following is the substance of
his words about his companion, as far as I
remember them:

'The boy had a whole chunk of tobacco.
He told me to take a bite. He almost put
it in my mouth. And I asked him,
"Doesn't it make your breath stink?"
And he said, "Most folks it does, but it
doesn't mine." And I said, "Oh! it
don't?" I told him I didn't chew, or
smoke, or drink; I wanted to keep my
mouth clean.'

Do we take pains to know the several
special temptations of our small boys?
Do we so shape our lesson teaching as to
give help against such temptations?

A sadder story was that of Robby. How
short a time have we teachers in which to
influence these small boys! Dare we let
one Sunday go by without a personal appeal
to them, an entreaty to ask Jesus for the
new heart now? Robby did not tell me
much of the temptations he had met. One
of the things he told me during my short
acquaintance with him was, 'I don't live
with my mother.'

Alas, for these small boys who miss a
mother's godly care! I heard Robby's
story from the woman with whom the little
boy and his sister stayed a while. Red-
haired, unprepossessing looking was Robby,
and yet there was a soul in him. He was,
I was told, the child of a drinking father.
The mother had a hard time with the four
children. She worked in a factory. The
two older children could help her, but the
two younger were supposed to go to school.
The little girl, about Robby's age, used to
be out of school at half-past two. There
was no one at home to get her anything to
eat, and she would wander around the San
Francisco streets. Robby would be in-
duced by the laundrymen to play 'hockey'
from school, and go with them. It was
lumpy, the men knew, to have a boy to
jump off the cart with parcels. Robby
would be out till ten or eleven at night,
and I think the men of the laundry carts
used to drink more or less. After Robby
and his sister came across the bay to live,
not very far away from the Sunday-school
in which I was teaching, the woman with
whom they stayed told me that she at first
had been astonished at the ignorance of
the children. Said the woman, 'The little
girl didn't even know the Lord's Prayer!'

Ah! I fear there were many other reli-
gious teachings of which Robby and his
sister knew little or nothing. I had him
some weeks, perhaps two months off and on,
in the class, and then he went back to the
great city that holds so many neglected
small boys. He did not go, however, to
the old associations with drinking laundry-
men, for the boy and his sister were put
into an orphan asylum. Poor little Robby!
Was I faithful enough to him?

Nor are tobacco and the sight of drink
the only two temptations which the small
boys of our classes meet. What shall I say
of that Sunday when I went to a certain
school, and was met with the information
that one of my older boys, who was absent,
was engaged that afternoon by a circus to
distribute posters, his pay to be a nickel?

One Sunday, in my present class, we
were talking of the fold and the sheep, and

the dangers that might beset any lamb that
strayed away. A small boy mentioned
'swear,' as a boyish temptation.

'Did any one ever ask you to swear?' I
asked, thinking that probably my little
scholar only mentioned the temptation from
hearsay. But he answered, 'Yes.' And
when I questioned him, he said, 'They'll
say the word, and they'll say, "Go on, say
it! Go on, say it!"'

But I do not believe that my earnest
little nine years' old ever did go on and
'say it.' I think he promised me he never
would. May the dear Lord, who cares for
the small boys, deliver them from tempta-
tion, and grant wisdom to us their teachers!
For how shall we speak aright to these
tempted young hearts, except he give us
words to say.—Sunday-school Times.

INJURIOUS.

If the public schools of the continent of
America would but say with all their power
that alcoholic stimulants are injurious to
the health, and that they lay the founda-
tion for physical weakness, mental inferi-
ority and moral ruin, the battle would be
won, and the generation educated within
its walls would be sober beyond the
necessity even of a prohibitory law.—Hon.
G. W. Ross.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.—JANUARY 14, 1894.

ADAM'S SIN AND GOD'S GRACE.—Gen. 3:1-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall
all be made alive.'—1 Cor. 15:22.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 3:1-15.—Adam's Sin and God's Grace.
T. Luke 8:20.—The Promised Saviour.
W. Rom 5:1-21.—Death by Adam, Life by Christ.
Th. Rom. 8:1-14.—No Condemnation to them that
are in Christ.
F. Rom. 8:31-39.—All Things Freely with Christ.
S. Psalm 51:1-12.—The Need of Forgiveness.
S. Psalm 32:1-11.—The Blessedness of Forgiveness.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Temptation. vs. 1-5.
II. The Fall. vs. 6-8.
III. The Conviction. vs. 9-13.
IV. The Sentence. vs. 14, 15.

TIME.—B.C. 4001. Soon after the creation of
Adam.

PLACE.—The Garden of Eden.

OPENING WORDS.

Our first parents were placed in the Garden of
Eden, where they had everything they needed.
Of their life in Eden we are told very little. It
was a state of innocence, and therefore of happi-
ness. It was a state of trial. A commandment
was given them as a trial of their obedience.
Our lesson tells of their temptation and sin.
Read carefully the first two chapters of Genesis.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. The serpent.—The serpent used by Satan.
Subtil—cunning. Hath God said—Is it really so?
He wanted to make Eve doubt. 3. The tree—of
the knowledge of good and evil. ch. 2:9. 4. Not
surely die—a flat contradiction of God's word.
ch. 2:17. 5. As gods—as God. Knowing good
and evil—he as it was understood by Eve, yet
a sad truth, is that they would know evil by be-
ing evil, and good by losing good. 6. Took of the
fruit—she listened to Satan, then believed him,
then disobeyed God. 7. The eyes of them both
were opened—conscious guilt and an accusing
conscience opened their eyes. 8. The voice of the
Lord—God had before spoken to Adam face to
face. Hid themselves—conscious of their guilt.
10. I was afraid—God's question gave Adam a
chance to confess his sin, but his answer was not
frank and honest. 12. The woman.....gave—
he seeks to throw the blame on the woman and
on God himself. 13. Beguiled me—deceived me.
15. Enmity—hate. Thy seed—wicked men and
devils. Her seed—Christ and his Church. Shall
bruise thy head—Satan may injure for a time,
but his head shall be crushed at last.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the
last lesson? How did God create man? What
special act of providence did God exercise to-
ward man in the estate wherein he was created?
Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TEMPTATION. vs. 1-5.—Who was the
tempter? What is he here called? Why? Whom
did he first approach? How did he begin his
temptation? What did the woman reply? What
did the tempter then say? How did the woman
understand this answer? What did the tempter
mean? What should we do when the devil
tempts us? James 4:7. Who can help us? Heb.
2:18.

II. THE FALL. vs. 6-8.—What effect had the
tempter's words on the woman? What is sin?
What were the three steps in her sin? Through
whom did Satan tempt Adam? What did Adam
do? What was the result? What was the sin
whereby our first parents fell from the estate
wherein they were created? Whose voice did
they hear? What did they try to do? Can we
hide from God? Psalm 139:7-12.

III. THE CONVICTION. vs. 9-13.—How did the
Lord call Adam? What did Adam reply? How
did the Lord answer him? Upon whom did

Adam throw the blame? What did the Lord say
to the woman? How did she excuse her sin?

IV. THE SENTENCE. vs. 14, 15.—What sentence
was pronounced against the serpent? Who are
the seed of the serpent? 1 John 3:8. Who is the
seed of the woman? What shall this seed of the
woman do? Meaning of it shall bruise thy heel?
Of thou shalt bruise his heel? Did all mankind
fall in Adam's first transgression? Into what
estate did the fall bring mankind? Who is the
Redeemer of man?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is dangerous to listen to temptation.
2. It is foolish and wicked to yield to it.
3. Sin brings shame, misery and death.
4. By the first Adam all our race were brought
under the curse of the law.
5. By the second Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ,
believers are redeemed from the curse of the law,
he being made a curse for them.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who tempted Eve? Ans. Satan in the form
of a serpent.
2. To what sin was she tempted? Ans. To dis-
obey God in eating of the forbidden fruit.
3. What did she do when thus tempted by
Satan? Ans. She took of the fruit, and did eat
and gave also unto her husband with her; and
he did eat.
4. What was the effect of this sin of our first
parents? Ans. Mankind were brought into an
estate of sin and misery.
5. Through whom was deliverance from this
condition promised? Ans. Through the seed of
the woman, the Lord Jesus Christ.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 21, 1894.

CAIN AND ABEL.—Gen. 4:3-13.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'By faith Abel offered unto God a more excel-
lent sacrifice than Cain.'—Heb. 11:4.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 3:10-24.—Banishment from Eden.
T. Gen. 4:3-13.—Cain and Abel.
W. 1 John 3:1-24.—The Works of Cain.
Th. Jude 11-25.—The Way of Cain.
F. Heb. 11:1-10.—The Faith of Abel.
S. 1 John 4:7-21.—Love one Another.
S. Matt. 7:13-29.—Known by Fruits.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Brother's Offerings. vs. 3-5.
II. A Brother's Crime. vs. 6-8.
III. A Brother's Blood. vs. 9-13.
TIME.—About B. C. 3755, one hundred and
twenty-five or one hundred and thirty years after
our last lesson.

PLACE.—Near Eden, outside the garden.

OPENING WORDS.

Adam and Eve, after their fall, were driven
from the Garden of Eden. Two sons were born
to them. The older, Cain, became a tiller of the
ground; the younger, Abel, became a shepherd.
Doubtless Adam and Eve had other children not
named in the Bible. Read the first three chap-
ters of Genesis, and review lessons I. and II.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

3. In process of time—at the end of the week
or of the year. Offering—a gift. 4. Firstlings
of his flock—the first-born, the very best. Had
respect—looked with approval upon him and his
offering. Heb. 11:4. 5. Had not respect—did not
approve, because it was not of the right kind, and
was not offered in faith. 7. Sin lieth at the door
—as a wild beast watching for its prey. Unto
thee shall be his desire—sin waits to overcome
him. 8. Slew him—The first murder. 9. Where
is Abel?—God wanted Cain to confess his sin.
Am I my brother's keeper?—he tries to deceive
even God himself. 10. Or else—appeals for jus-
tice. 11. Cursed from the earth—compelled to
flee from place to place. 12. It shall not hence-
forth yield unto thee her strength—the curse
named in Gen. 3:17, is increased on Cain's ac-
count. 13. My punishment is greater—he com-
plains of his punishment, but gives no sign of
repentance.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Did our first parents con-
tinue in the estate in which they were created?
Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgres-
sion? Who is the only Redeemer? Title? Golden
Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory
verses?

I. THE BROTHERS' OFFERINGS. vs. 3-5.—What
did Cain bring as an offering? What did Abel
bring? What is said of Abel and his offering?
Of Cain and his offering? Why did the Lord
show this difference? How was Abel's offering
better than Cain's? Heb. 11:4. How was Cain
affected?

II. A BROTHER'S CRIME. vs. 6-8.—What did
the Lord say to Cain? What did Cain do? Why
did he kill his brother? 1 John 3:12. What does
Christ say about anger? Matt. 6:21-24. What
is the sum of the ten commandments?

III. A BROTHER'S BLOOD. vs. 9-13.—What did
the Lord say to Cain? What was Cain's reply?
How did God reprove him? How did Abel's
blood cry from the ground? Whose blood speaks
better things? Heb. 12:24. What is God's law
about murder? Gen. 9:6. What curse did the
Lord pronounce upon Cain? How did Cain feel
about it?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should bring our best gifts to God.
2. We should offer them in faith in Christ.
3. We should beware of envy, jealousy and
anger.
4. Passion in heart leads to sin in life.
5. We should seek pardon through Christ, the
only Saviour.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Cain and Abel bring the Lord?
Ans. Offerings in worship.
2. Whose offering was accepted? Ans. The
offering of Abel.
3. How did Cain feel? Ans. He was very
angry.
4. What did he do? Ans. He slew his brother.
5. How was he punished? Ans. With the curse
of God.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AS YE HAVE OPPORTUNITY.

BY M. D. KENNEY.

There was a decided record of discontent upon Mrs. Harper's usually cheery face. True, domestic circumstances were so sadly awry that almost any housekeeper would have frowned, but Mrs. Harper generally maintained her equilibrium under any and all circumstances, so that it was an occasion of special note when her placid face was ruffled.

It was not simply because the baby and herself were cutting a troublesome tooth. When Mrs. Harper spoke of the baby's undertakings in the matter of teeth she always included herself, for she insisted that it was a joint performance, and required their united energies and endurance.

Nor was it because the kitchen range would not draw, and the maid-of-all-work had succumbed to the gripe and gone up to her room for an indefinite term of days. Mrs. Harper had been undaunted by greater difficulties than these.

It was the morning in which she had awakened that brought those perpendicular lines between her eyes.

It was a mood in which

"The daily round, the trivial task,"

seemed particularly unsatisfactory, and her life seemed a failure, full of unsatisfied aspirations and unfulfilled longings.

There were people whose lives seemed to be a benediction, blessing every one with whom they came in contact. There was Mrs. Blake, for instance, the senior sister's wife, who abounded in good works, especially when she was at the head of all the church organizations, her life was a power in itself, and she had ample means and abundant leisure, both of which were wholly consecrated.

It was not much wonder that Mrs. Harper felt herself comparatively useless, especially when she left out of consideration the fact that Mrs. Blake's opportunities differed from her own.

Something of her discouragement she had confided to her husband that morning when she had followed him out into the hall to help him on with his hat and coat and good-bye in the lover-like fashion that this husband and wife were too wise to abandon. The cheery influence of that farewell escort went all through the business hours with Mr. Harper, and he fancied that it made him stronger and braver to take his part in the battle of the bread winners.

"So you feel useless?" he had answered. "Well, my dear, I should call a little woman like yourself most particularly useful. It seems to me that it must take a good deal of wise management and a world of usefulness to make the cheeriest, most sunshiny home in town, to give a baby the splendid start in life that only a mother's continual care and supervision can ensure, to make nephew Will think that an evening at home is a greater treat than to spend it at any place of entertainment, when he is just at the age when most young men want to leave home and home restraints, and to brighten up every one who comes in contact with you, from the grocer's boy up to the minister himself. Do good unto all men as ye have opportunity, you remember. Watch for your opportunities, wifely, and you'll find you have as many, and use them as well, as Mrs. Blake, though they may not be just the same."

The frown had vanished at these loving words, but it soon crept back again. She stopped beside the candle as she passed through the sitting room, and taking up the baby which had just awakened, kissed the lips, which were minutely curled into a happy smile which crept over her own face as the drowsy baby had nestled on her shoulder so lovingly.

An impatient tuck on the kitchen door was the first thing that demanded attention, and Mrs. Harper found Mickey the grocer's boy there waiting for orders.

"What's the matter with your hand, Mickey?" she asked after the boy had noted down her orders, as she noticed a raw place on his left hand which looked as if it must be very painful.

"I got a bad burn," the boy answered. "I've been putting one thing and another

on it, but everything knots into it, and somehow it don't get better."

"'T ought to be wrapped up," said Mrs. Harper. "I have got some famous salve upstairs, Mickey, and if you can wait a few minutes I will run and get it and then bandage it up in a piece of soft old linen."

"That'll be fine," Mickey answered, with a smile that spread across his face.

It was only a short piece of work to spread the cooling salve over the raw red sore, and to bind it up with the deftness acquired by one who has had experience in ministering to a boy's casualties. Baby sat on the table and watched the operation with wide open, wondering eyes.

"That feels better now the well hand now," said Mickey, gratefully, as he started off.

The kitchen fire yielded at last to skillful coaxing, baby forgot her tooth in the delights of the darning bag and its contents, and the morning was over, which had seemed in a hopelessly chaotic state, was speedily marshalled into orderly array under the capable hands of the mistress.

In the middle of the busy morning a book agent came in, a poor woman who was persistently persistent in trying to dispose of a volume.

It was not a book that Mrs. Harper wanted, nor felt that she could afford, and she was tempted to be impatient as her visitor lingered and took up so much of her precious time, but she controlled her inclinations and was as courteous and kind as she would have been, and her visitor might have come in thus inopportunely.

Noticing how chilled and tired the woman seemed, she excused herself a moment and with the baby in her arms warmed a cup of coffee that had been left from breakfast and took it into the parlor with a piece of cake. It was an extra step on a day when every step counted, and even the washing of two or three extra dishes was to be considered, but Mrs. Harper felt repaid by the different expression that brightened up the tired face. She had not been able to give money, but sympathetically and interest were just as acceptable.

Up to Nora's room she toiled a dozen times that day to see that she took her medicine, waiting upon her with a kindly willingness that made the poor girl feel that even if she were only a domestic she had a place of her own in this home, and a share in its sympathy and interest.

The impatient, fretful baby was soothed every few minutes with a tenderness and a motherly touch that comforted her in spite of pain and feverishness, and as Mrs. Harper noted how her touch could quiet the little one, the beautiful Bible verses recited themselves over her lips.

"My mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

A poor woman came in during the afternoon to ask for help for her family who had been burned out. Again Mrs. Harper sighed over her empty purse, but she could give warm sympathy, and by going up in the attic and rummaging, she could find some carefully-mended garments which she had put away for just such an occasion.

That evening when Will came home to supper, Mrs. Harper was surprised to see him in such a strange boy into the parlor. It could not be he, he had brought any one home to supper!

"Auntie," he exclaimed, rushing out into the kitchen as one who expects sympathy. "I wonder if you will mind that I brought Ed. Symonds home with me. He's a new boy in the street, and has only been in the city two or three weeks, and some of the fellows want to get hold of him and show him about town. They're a fast set, and Ed. will get in a scrape if he goes with them. He told me he had a great mind to go with them to-night, for he was so lonesome, and so I did the parlor with the risk, and I just brought him home with me. I'll help with the dishes or anything. You don't mind, do you, auntie dear?"

"Of course not, Will. I haven't much to supper, but I'll make up for it in welcome, and if you wish to leave him to entertain himself in the parlor with the pictures a while, I will stir up some waffles and you can bake them."

"Hush for you, auntie," and excusing himself to his guest Will donned a big apron and baked a plateful of crisp, delicious waffles.

How the homelike country boy enjoyed this bit of home life, even to helping Will

wipe the dishes afterwards, and when Mrs. Harper in bidding him good-bye, added cordially:

"Come as often as you will. There will always be a welcome here for you," he answered.

"If I can come here once in a while, I won't ever want to go with those other fellows."

It had been an unconscious crisis in the boy's life, and that taste of pure home pleasures had routed the powers of evil.

Yet Mrs. Harper accounted the day one in which she had done nothing worth while. If she could have looked down upon it she would have seen from above, she could have seen that each trifling deed was a bit in a beautiful mosaic, the pattern of which was designed by the great Artist, and that she had filled out its exquisite design by doing just what came next, "as ye have opportunity."—Advocate.

BAGS AND BAGS.

Bags have come to be important adjuncts to the home. They may be made of scraps of all kinds and their beauty will depend quite as much upon the taste and skill used in the combination of materials as upon the materials themselves.

The rush woven bags so much used by ladies shopping are easily made more capacious and artistic if a width of silk be sewn in about the top and cords or ribbon be added as a drawing string. The same with deeper top would serve an admirable purpose for the reception of odds and ends of dress goods, linings, bleached muslin, and the like. Again, line the entire bag with bright China silk shirred in, leaving a deep shirring to stand up at the top; tie the shirring together with a ribbon bow large enough to readily conceal them, and the bag may be made to do duty as a holder of Kodak pictures and large photographs of places and things. These rush bags cost but ten cents at any variety store.

The society girl needs a party bag in which to carry her slippers, fan, and gloves. Japanese crepe in dark blue, cream white or brown and white will be suitable. The bag should be fourteen inches wide and eighteen inches long and lined with cambric to match the outside. Divide the bag into three compartments—the largest, occupying one-half the width, should be for slippers, and the smaller ones for fan and gloves. It should have no drawing string but a frill of lace may be set about the top and should be carried on the arm by means of a long strap of the material.

A bag for the reception of soiled handkerchiefs and lace is convenient if hung near one's dressing-table. Make it of a gay colored Turkish towel doubled in half and sewed into a bag. Turn the fringed ends down at the top and run shirrs for the drawing cords.

Another, for shreds and cuttings from the work table, will be bright and pretty if made of Turkey red calico and sewn lined—using the red for the bottom and the linen for the top. Sew on each side exactly in the middle a little Japanese figure which is printed on crepe and may be bought at the art stores for two or three cents apiece.

Draw the bag at the top with a cord leaving a standing frill of the goods as a finish.

A nice bag for the sitting-room dust cloth may be made of cretonne if the pattern be outlined with heavy silk in Kensington stitch. Gold cord couched on with gold colored silk would be still more attractive.

An open-glass bag is most serviceable made of chamois skin. Get dead-end brown for color and about the top embroider or paint a band of leaves in autumn tints of yellow, scarlet, and russet. Little silk handkerchiefs lined with thin chamois skin or cretonne may also make pretty open-glass bags. Cut and make the lining first the correct size. Now gather one handkerchief for each side down to the size of the bag by running a thread an inch or two on three sides of each handkerchief leaving the unbordered edges to fall as a ruffle all around. The silk will also be pulled on each side of the bag. Two colors of handkerchiefs, say olive and pink with olive and pink ribbons to shirr about the top would be very pretty.

Bags of white linen embroidered all over with detached flowers as wild violets or daisies or clover leaves are useful for many

things. The work may be done in crewels and the bags may be washed.

A pretty case of button bags may be made from small pieces of chamois skin of different colors. The bags, should be but two or three inches long and should be fastened together by help furnish the work basket.—Housekeeper.

POULTRY-RAISING FOR WOMEN.

"Raising poultry," said an experienced woman to a young friend who asked how she could get the best living in the most comfortable and easy manner, "is poultry. There is nothing within the range of woman's capability to do that is so profitable and altogether manageable as poultry-raising. Once got a bit of a start, and with any kind of reasonable management there is no doubt about making a fair living. Don't understand me that I have any idea about your getting rich out of it. The fortunes that are made in the poultry business are few and far between, but a comfortable competence ought to be realized by anybody who has reasonable sense and plenty of patience. Of strength not a very great amount is required, either mental or physical. The work is not an invalid and undertake such labors, for it is instant in season and out of season and work that cannot be neglected no matter what the feelings of the proprietor of the establishment may be.

"In starting in this business, there is one thing to be kept in mind, upon which is one thing is: Do not branch out at the outset. Go slowly and carefully at first, begin in a small way, and if not familiar with the business, invest very little until experience comes with practical observation. It is not wise for a beginner to attempt anything with an incubator upon which is an expensive and risky, and repeated failure has demonstrated to many of those who have tried it that unless conducted on a rather large scale and handled by an experienced person, it is likely to cost more than it comes to. Old hens are cheaper and safer than incubators. With careful management, it is possible to hatch about ninety percent of the eggs put under the hens, and in many instances eighty percent have grown to the broiler age. With the incubator, they lack the natural vitality of the parent bird and are neither as robust nor active as chickens brought up by the hen.

"It is much more satisfactory to hatch a less number of chicks and have the majority of them grow than to incubate an immense number and lose half of them. One has neither the cost of the eggs nor the plan to figure on, and upon which is an inconsiderable item. If chicks are hatched in February and kept comfortably warm, ten out of every twelve ought to live to a profitable age. Incubator-raised chicks are almost worthless for layers. They are very pretty looking, but seem to lack something, and never give the satisfaction that one may expect from birds brought up in the natural way. After all is said and done, the good dame, Nature, has very comfortable ways of her own, and is would rather her offshoots too smart children to improve upon her results."

RECIPES.

(From Miss Parlow's New Cook Book.)
MACARONI IN GRAVY.—Twelve tablespoonfuls of macaroni, one and a half pint of water, half a tablespoonful of oil, one generous tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper, brook and wash the macaroni. Put it in a saucepan with the oil, cover, and simmer half an hour. Mix the butter and four tablespoons of milk, season with salt, and pour over the macaroni. Simmer ten minutes longer, and serve. A tablespoonful of grated cheese may be added.

COLD TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak a cupful of tapioca over night in a quart of cold water. In the morning drain off all the water. Put the tapioca and a quart and a half of milk in the double boiler. After cooking forty-five minutes, add a teaspoonful of sugar, the salt, and cook fifteen minutes longer. Wet a mound of brown in cold water, and pour it into this, and set away to cool. Serve with sugar and cream. This pudding is also nice.

ORANGE JELLY.—One of the best and most toothsome of orange jellies can be made as follows: To two quarts of calves-foot jelly, that has been well clarified, add three pounds of seedless, ripe juice of two lemons and of six oranges, the finely-pared rind of one lemon, and a small quantity of cinnamon broken up. Beat slightly the whites of six eggs and mix all well together in a greasing kettle. Stir it for ten minutes, then break it for half an hour, then throw in a cup of cold water and stir it for twenty minutes longer. Have a flannel jelly-bag made shop of V, scald it and pour the jelly into it carefully. Tie it where it can keep three whole days in a running thread. Then set the bowl of jelly in a cool place to get firm.



THE ARMY OF HELPERS.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

He sat by the fireside reading,
When the others had gone away
To help in the festive decking,
For to-morrow was Christmas Day.

They had asked him to come and help them,
But Willie had cried, 'Oh, dear!
Do leave me in peace to my reading;
So they had left him there.

And off they had gone with laughter,
To hang up the holly and bay,
And glad were their hearts as their voices,
For to-morrow was Christmas Day.

And alone with his book sat Willie,
But somehow he could not read,
For the words all ran together,
Whenever he bent his head.

And a mist rose up before him,—
He wondered what it meant,
And wished he'd gone with the others,
To join in their merriment.

Then out of the ruddy firelight
He saw strange figures grow;
A long procession winding,
With robes like fallen snow.

And he heard a voice that called him,
A voice that brought no fear,
For it spoke in accents gentle:
'Child! I am the dying Year.

'And I have brought my army
To show you, this winter's night,
The children that have helped me
To make the world seem bright.

And at these words the footsteps
Came marching all around:
He saw their white robes flashing,
He heard their joyous sound.

'This is my Army of Helpers,
Each one has something to tell;
The tall ones and the children,
They all have served me well.'

'Tell me your tales,' said Willie:
'Old Year, I am longing to hear
How all this army has helped you:
Do tell me, please, Old Year.

'For some are such tiny soldiers,
I don't see how they could fight;
And some are so bent and feeble,
They could not make anything bright!'

'Will you watch their faces, Willie?
Said the Old Year, with a smile,
'And you will change your opinion,
I think, in a little while!'

As Willie stood still, gazing
At the figures clad in white,
On each face, young or olden,
There shone a strange, sweet light.

'Tell me the ways they've helped you:
Tell me, this Christmas night,
How all these people have served you,
And made the world seem bright!'

The Old Year signed to his army,
And a little girl stood there.
'This is my latest helper,
A child who is very dear.

'Why, that's my baby sister,
Who always makes such a row!
I never thought you'd have chosen her
For one of your helpers now!'



'She has made the world seem better
By her smiles and her loving ways;
She has brought a great deal of sunshine
Into many cloudy days.

'She has got the badge of my army,
And I shall keep her there;
For she is a precious helper,
And one that I could not spare.'

Then he summoned another soldier
From the ranks of shining white,
A crumpled form that was sad to see,
With a face that was strangely bright.

'This boy, with his merry patience,
Has helped others along the road;
He has stopped to think of their ills and woes,
In spite of his own great load.

'Why, that,' said Will, 'is the hunchback,
Who sits at the factory door!
Fancy his being a soldier now—
I always thought him so poor.'

'Now, wait,' said the Old Year, quietly,
And I will show you a sight
Which, I think, is the pleasantest sight of all,
To see on a winter's night.

'Twas only a workhouse matron,
With her patient, homely face;
But her smile was so glad and joyful,
That it seemed to fill the place.

'She helps to brighten the region
Where the poor spin out their days;
She brightens many a dreary lot,
By her thoughtful, kindly ways.'

Then he called a merry sailor
From the back of his army bright:
'He has fought a fight with stormy seas,
On many a fearful night!

'He has lost an arm in the battle,
With the dangers he had to brave;
But he never thought of the loss of that,
But the lives he had to save.'

So the tales of the cheerful helpers
Were told on that Christmas night,
And as Willie heard their stories,
And looked at the stirring sight

Of their white and shining garments,
And their faces fresh and gay,
He wished he had been a helper
Ere the Old Year passed away!

And perhaps the Old Year wondered
Why his face so wistful grew,
For he said, 'I've still a week to live;
Will you be a Helper, too?'

HOW FAR AWAY ARE THE STARS?

Of the hundred million or more stars which are visible with astronomical instruments, the distances from the earth of only a very few have been measured with even an approximation to accuracy. Most of the stars appear to be so far away that the change in their apparent place caused by viewing them from opposite sides of the earth's orbit—and that orbit is about one hundred and eighty-six million miles across—is so slight that it escapes certain detection. Only about fifty stars have thus far yielded definite results in the attempt to measure their distances, and even those results are too often exceedingly conflicting and uncertain. The nearest star thus far



tant star, Sirius, or the dog-star, for instance, which scintillates so splendidly in the winter sky, is more distant than the little star 61 Cygni, the latter being in fact a very much smaller sun than ours, while Sirius is a far larger one.

It thus appears that while the efforts to measure the distances of the stars have not been very successful, yet they have resulted in giving us a wonderful insight into the arrangement of the universe of suns in the midst of which we dwell. They have proved that large stars and small stars are scattered through space at various distances from one another and from us; that the dimensions of the blazing bodies which we call stars, or suns, vary to an enormous extent; and that our own sun, great, glorious and overpowering as it seems to us, really belongs to a quite inferior rank.

But it is possible that before many years our knowledge of the distances of the stars may be greatly extended. Spectroscopic investigation in the case of binary stars, as those are called which circle in pairs around their common centre of gravity, is beginning to help us a little in this direction.

Recently, for instance, Mr. G. W. Colles, jr., has calculated, from the results of such investigation, the mean distance of ninety-five stars situated in the northern hemisphere of the heavens, and he finds it equal to the distance which light would travel in about one hundred and fifty years. That distance is not less than eight hundred and seventy trillion miles, or more than forty-three times as great as the distance of the nearest known star, Alpha Centauri.

Yet enormous as such a distance is, it is nearly certain that the average distance of all the stars composing the visible universe is still greater. And here and there the starry heavens, even in their richest regions, present black and apparently empty spaces through which we seem to look out from the bounds of the visible universe into fathomless depths beyond.

But is there any thoughtful mind which can avoid asking itself the question, 'What lies beyond?' When we come to the outermost star of the universe, what then? That is a question which even astronomy, with all its marvellous wealth of discovery and achievement, cannot answer—at least not yet.

THERE ARE Now no fewer than 100 branches of the Ministering Children's League, with a membership of 44,000. Each member is pledged to endeavor to perform some kind deed every day.



discovered is one of the first magnitude, not visible from the United States or Europe. It is the star called Alpha in the constellation of the Centaur in the southern hemisphere of the heavens.

The distance of this star appears to be something like twenty trillions of miles, or about two hundred and fifteen thousand times as great as the distance of the sun from the earth.

The next nearest star, as far as known, is a little sixth-magnitude twinkler, barely visible to the naked eye, in the constellation of Cygnus, popularly called the Northern Cross. The distance of this star, which is known to astronomers as 61 Cygni, is variously estimated at from forty to sixty trillion miles, or two or three times that of the bright star in the Centaur.

The brightness of the stars, as we see them, is, then, no measure of their comparative distance. A very bright star may be much more distant than a very faint one, the difference in brilliance being due to the greater magnitude of the more dis-

REV. GEORGE C. KNAPP.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY, BITLIS, KOORDISTAN.

It is sometimes said of the six New England States of America, that they furnish men; while further west and south in the country are found more of such commodities as wheat, cotton, etc., in proportion. Certain it is that the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers took firm lodgment here, though to be diffused very rapidly throughout the land. But of these Atlantic States, or, indeed, in the Union, there is, perhaps, none that has furnished so many able, devout men, both for State and Church, in proportion to the inhabitants, as has the little State of Vermont.

Among such stalwart ones was the subject of this sketch, Rev. G. C. Knapp. He was born upon a farm in Lyndon, Vt., in 1823. Like many in meagre circumstances, and on a hill farm of scanty returns, his parents had to manoeuvre carefully to bring up a family of five children without much thought of education. Faithful to his task, whether upon the farm or in the short school of the year, young George was an important factor in the family.

In 1835, they moved to Benson, in the western part of the state, where were better facilities for education. Here the son was brought under conviction of sin, that resulted in his conversion early in his teens, from a conversation held with a schoolmate who had newly experienced a Christian hope. He joined the church and became an active member at fifteen. Great was his delight in, and profit from, the regular mid-week prayer-meeting, and that of the young people on Sabbath evening. By dint of economy he secured his fit for college in Burr Seminary in the town of Manchester, near by. It was about this time that William Law's 'Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life' fell into his hands, and, with an influence such as it had exercised before, and has often exercised since, did much to turn his attention toward the Christian ministry.

But how was he to secure a college education? Would his parents approve, and what should he do? They had been burned out, and were in such straits that 'father can't help you,' said the mother. 'But if I may but be the instrument for the salvation of one soul,' said the anxious son, 'I shall be satisfied.' Perceiving their reluctance to his leaving home, he cheerfully served out his minority, at the expiration of which he at once set out with a firm purpose and 'the one-soul argument' to compass the remaining educational problem. He speaks of these years as 'the wilderness period,' and his axe, wood-saw, self-board-ing system, etc., played an important part. During the long vacations teaching school, and in term-time ringing the bells, extra work about the dormitories, etc., brought him through Middlebury College without a heavy debt, though at his matriculation he had only twenty-five cents.

He graduated in 1852, and three years later from Andover Theological Seminary, Mass., and was appointed to the foreign missionary work by the American Board the same year. As usual in such cases, no little conflict of mind and heart was experienced ere he came to a decision; 'during which time,' as he puts it, 'like a poor sinner, I was not only under conviction of sin, but of foreign mission as well.' But a night of wrestling with the Lord settled it in the affirmative. 'Since which time,' says the veteran worker, 'I have been in the promised land.'

Miss Alzina M. Churchill, principal of Castleton Seminary, became his worthy companion, and together they set sail for Smyrna, Turkey, in October, arriving December 5. Their passage over the seas was in a sailing vessel, and consumed a long, tedious six weeks, without once dropping anchor. Their ship's captain was an intemperate fellow, and among the Grecian isles, in most dangerous surroundings, was so badly off from liquor, that Mr. Knapp had need to consult the nautical charts for the safety of the ship.

After only a few months at Smyrna, they were called to go far thence to Diarbekir, a missionary station of the interior, situated on the Tigris river, near the head of old Mesopotamia. But this high-walled old town, with its bad water and worse air, soon made inroads on Mr. Knapp's health; so that in less than three years the Mission

physician decided on a change for him. Like Lot of old, he 'lift up his eyes,' not to go down upon any plain, but to the snow-capped mountains up in the Taurus range, 150 miles to the north-east, though, like Abraham, he 'went out,' hardly 'knowing whither.' There was said to be a city before them by name of Bitlis, whose good water and better air would be an excellent antidote to the malaria he had imbibed on Diarbekir plain, and in this he was not disappointed, for physical vigor came as if by magic. Meanwhile, the heroic interest of these pioneer workers goes out towards the large Armenian population in this city and region, if, perchance, something may be done for this gross darkness also.

Bitlis city is a unique old town of an early generation, having for a population something over 30,000, one-third of whom are Christian in name—mostly Armenians, the remainder being Moslem in faith, though in blood largely Koords. From its numerous gardens and abundance of water it constitutes quite a leafy bower through the long summer. This passage-way between Persia and ancient Assyria must have resounded with the clash of arms among opposing forces—the grey old fort in the centre of the town, said to have been built in Alexander's time, having played an important part. But we would take note of these bulwarks

try-man, European, or a doctor. Severe sickness came, and loved children were snatched from them, at a time when opposition of enemies obliged them to bury them in their garden at night by the dim light of a candle. Mrs. Knapp was laid low by fever, after telegraphic connection was set up with Erzurum some years since, and the distracted husband seeks some comfort and advice by taking his position at this end of the wire, while the Erzurum doctor stood at the other. She was raised up from the fever, and still lives to cheer him who feels the weight of years more than she.

No sketch of him could be complete without good reference to her. Coming from school work in America, she took more especially to that here, and set going, in 1861, a girls' school, which, in 1868, was constituted 'The Mount Holyoke High School for Girls' by the Misses Ely, sisters, who joined them that year, and now has upwards of 100 pupils. Boys, too, were gathered for study, and in 1881 a High School for them was formed; this has about as many pupils, in connection with which Mr. and Mrs. Knapp are still doing worthy service. In Bitlis proper we have nearly 500 Protestants, with a church of 200 members. In eighteen out-stations, distant five to seventy miles, we have some 800 more with about 100 members in another church.



THE REV. GEORGE C. KNAPP.

as looking to another campaign, the leaders of which have been here these nearly thirty-five years, they having visited their native land only twice during that time.

Naturally, in such a fanatical place those early years were characterized by much persecution, aimed both at converts and the foreign workers. They found it hard to secure a house for themselves, for school or Sabbath service. But their self-denying, heroic devotion was sure to win in the end. The history of the weird experiences would, indeed, constitute a thrilling chapter of the romance of missions, but be too long for present purposes. Shut in among these lofty mountains, in a city of no built roads, no post office, nor communication with the outside world, save by special messenger with Erzurum, 170 miles north, till the past few years, they sometimes waited a whole three months for letters to come to cheer them. Sometimes fanaticism runs so high, more especially during the time of the war with Russia, that Christians are in danger of their lives. No wonder that such a constant strain has hastened on the weight of years, so they now need to be relieved of burdens.

Not a little of the time—the most trying part—they have been without associates, there not being in the place a fellow coun-

This much as an outgrowth of patient, devoted service of noble workers, whose power has manifestly been with the Great Head of the Church. R. M. COLE, American Board Missionary.

WHERE THE PRUNES WENT.

MRS. JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

In the town where I lived when I was a child, there was a grocer who had under his store a big cellar. A man came to the town with a kind of show. He did not have very good success; no one went to the show; the man was sick, and by-and-by he was nearly out of money.

One day this man, Blake, went into the liquor store, and he said to the owner, 'Have you any very cheap, poor whiskey?' 'Yes,' the man said, 'I have nearly a barrel that I got cheap, and it is so bad I can't sell it. If it were not so far, I should send it back.'

Blake said, 'If you will sell it to me cheap, I will take it all; but I have very little money.'

After Blake had bought the whiskey for a trifle, he went to the grocer, and hired his cellar for a month, for five dollars. Then he said, 'What will you take for that barrel of wormy prunes?' The grocer said

'Those prunes are full of worms. They are worth nothing. It is my fault. I kept them too long in a hot, damp place.'

'I will pay you five dollars for them,' said Blake, 'if you will promise not to tell that I bought them, or talk of what I do in your cellar. And I will buy that part of a barrel of dark brown sugar, into which your clerk dropped the salt.'

Then Blake sent two boys all round the town, to buy up empty wine-bottles, at two cents each, and whatever demijohns people would sell. Then in the cellar he put the rotten, wormy prunes into the cheap whiskey, and he burned the salted sugar, and put that in, and added fusel oil and water.

Meantime Blake had sent to New York for bottle labels, saying, 'Best Old French Brandy,' and a French label below this. Then he went all about the town to druggists and doctors, and private people, and told them that he had some choice, pure brandy, just from France, to sell strictly for medicine, and to invalids!

It was queer how many people thought they were invalids just then! People who had never used brandy thought they must get a bottle of it now, from Blake, 'just to keep in case of sickness.' Blake sold all his brandy, very dear, and made nearly five hundred dollars clear. Then he took his show and hurried out of town.

After Blake was gone, the grocer came to pay my father the rent of the store, and he asked, 'Did you buy any of Blake's brandy, Mr. McNair?'

'No,' said my father; 'what should I buy brandy for?'

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted on an animal in killing or just before death poisons to a greater or less extent its meat?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow poisons to a greater or less extent its milk?

Do you know that fish killed as soon as taken from the water by a blow on the back of the head will keep longer and be better than those permitted to die slowly?

Do you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, mosquitoes and harmful insects, that without the birds we could not live on the earth, and that every little insect-eating bird you may kill and every egg you may take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects?

Do you know that a check-rein which will not permit a horse to put his head where he wants to when going up a hill is a cruel torture to the horse?

Do you know that the mutilation of a horse by cutting off his tail compels him to suffer torture from flies and insects every summer as long as he lives?

Do you know that every kind act you do and every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only the animal but yourself happier, and not only make you happier but also better?—Geo. T. Angell.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS.

It is the way of God to build up all his works from small beginnings.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Form the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Dr. Barnardo's last report shows that the income for the year, amounting to £133,000, was contributed by 74,543 donors, two-thirds of the amounts being in 49,004 sums under £1 each, and that less than 1,900 were of sums of £10 and above. Half the income of the Salvation Army is collected, chiefly in pence, from the poor people who attend the services. The innumerable sweet-shops, which appear to thrive, make their returns in sums which may be reckoned in pence upon the fingers of one hand. The railways have become aware that dividends are created not by the few first-class but by the many third-class passengers. A brother intensely interested in winning souls believes that if the unused thousands of Christians were awakened to their personal responsibility a glorious harvest would be gathered this winter.—The Christian.

A NOTED MORAVIAN pastor, asked how it was that the members of that Church were so zealous for missions, replied, 'When converts join us, we try to make them realize that they are joining a great missionary society.'



WHO ARE YOU?

ERIC'S DREAM JOURNEY.

WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD AND THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

(Concluded.)

'A whole family lives in this room; they pay three shillings a week for rent; there are father, mother, and three children,' whispered the guide. 'Now notice what is going on; it is another very sad sight.'

The small room was almost choked up by furniture, clothes, crockery ware, and other articles. Eric wondered how they managed to move about. Overhead a line of clothes which had been lately washed, for they were still steaming, hung close up to the smoked ceiling. A rickety wooden bedstead stood on one side of the fireplace opposite to Eric's window. In this bed lay a girl, about eleven years old, under a dirty tattered, patchwork counterpane; her features were pinched and drawn, and her skin had the appearance of faded yellow parchment; one hand and arm, that might almost have belonged to a skeleton, rested outside the counterpane, which the little, thin fingers clutched nervously each time that the child gave a spasmodic cough. Two women—the child's careworn mother and a Sister of Mercy in long black cloak and wide hood—and a doctor stood beside the bed looking anxiously down at the girl. Sitting at the foot of the bed, sobbing bitterly, was the small girl who had fetched the jug of porter; and crawling about the floor, on a sack hearthrug in front of the fireless grate, was a little boy of three, almost naked, playing with a grimy white cat.

'How long has your girl been in this state?' asked the doctor.

'Since last night; she was took worse about ten o'clock.'

'And you say that your husband is out of work, and she had almost lived on bread and tea for more than a fortnight,' questioned the Sister. 'Why did you not sell some of your things, or apply to the parish for food?'

'Cos my man has been on the drink all the time, and he said he'd bust my 'ead if I did.'

Then, as Eric watched, the girl began to tremble and gasp. The doctor bent down and placed his hand on her heart, and the Sister supported her head. For a few minutes no word was spoken by the watchers; suddenly the dying child tried to lift her wasted hand, and by a great effort she uttered three words, 'Father—not-drink.' A minute later there was a slight tremor of the thin form under the counterpane, the girl gave one more short gasp, her head

turned a little on the Sister's arm, and—she was dead.

'Come, Eric,' said the guide softly, 'we have seen enough of this sad scene, and she led him along the dimly lighted passage. On the stone staircase an ill-looking, roughly dressed man nearly stumbled against them, for he was half drunk; in his hand he carried a big yellow jug—it was the dead girl's father.'

Eric was thankful to escape from the close, unwholesome atmosphere of the lodging-house, and he drew a long breath of the cool night air on reaching the street.

'You have seen enough unpleasant and sad scenes by this time, I think, Eric,' remarked the guide, 'so I will now take you to a much brighter and merrier sight; but, as it is getting very late, we will go there at once without taking the trouble to walk.' She lightly touched Eric's eyes with the tips of her fingers, and lo! the narrow street and gloomy lodging-house vanished, and they stood in the midst of trees and shrubs, close to a large, handsome house. Some unusual event was taking place; there was a light in every window; the curtains of the tall windows on the ground floor were drawn back, and Eric could see the forms of gentlemen and ladies in beautiful dresses fitting across them, and sounds of gay music, laughter, and merriment fell upon his ears. His eyes were almost dazzled by the brilliant sight. The interior of the room was decorated with green festoons and bright-colored flowers, and the large glass chandeliers sparkled and glittered in the gas light. Moving among the dancers Eric saw Mr. and Mrs. Martin, then it suddenly occurred to him that it was the Martin's house. But how very wonderful, Mr. and Mrs. Martin were at a dinner party, and he had only left their house earlier in the evening, now, a splendid ball was taking place; but Eric was quite used to marvellous things happening by this time, so this did not surprise him very much.

'The guests have just had supper, I want you to come and see the supper-room,' Eric was loth to leave the scene, but he followed the guide round to the other side of the house. Pushing aside some shrubs they peered out from the darkness into another brilliantly lighted room, which was the very room where Eric had been smoking and drinking with his schoolfellows. Now, it was in a very disordered state—chairs and rout-seats were pushed here and there, and side-board doors open. The long dining-table spread with a snowy cloth, now stained in many places, was covered with the remains of a splendid feast. Luscious fruits, tempting jellies, tartlets, nuts, and pretty crackers, were mixed up

with decanters, glasses, and dirty plates. The room was occupied by four big boys, who sat at one end of the table eating and drinking; they talked and laughed very loud, and seemed in high spirits.

'The Martin boys have been allowed to sit up for the ball, and invite two of their schoolfellows; they are now having supper; as there was no room for them before,' remarked the guide.

As she spoke, one of the boys, who was the noisiest of the party, pushed back his plate, drank his glass of wine, and, standing up on the chair, began to sing a song, 'Oh, the men of merry, merry England.'

'Well done!' called out the other boys, noisily. 'Sing out; think you are in the choir, Gypsy.'

'Gypsy! Gypsy!' repeated Eric to himself, staring hard at the boy standing up. 'Why, why, it's me—it's myself! Well this beats all the rest put together. Yes, it is me; it is. Why that's the white silk tie Mona gave me at Christmas, and there's her little gold chain which she lends me when I go to parties. How awfully funny,' and he burst out laughing; but, soon he became grave, and, turning to the guide, asked: 'Do tell me, what does it all mean? Why am I here and there too? I feel so confused, please tell me.'

As he spoke the boy singing—we will call him Eric No. 2—who had been swaying about on the chair, fell forward crash amongst the plates and glasses. The other boys burst out laughing; then, as Eric No. 2 did not move, they became frightened, and tried to pull him up by the arms; when they did this he shrieked out.

'His head is out, and his wrist hurt,' said the guide.

Several people now entered the room, and Eric No. 2 was carried out by Mr. Martin and the footman. Eric shuddered at the sight. Then the guide told him, 'They have all been drinking freely; but it is Mr. and Mrs. Martin's fault. Since their sons were quite small they have allowed them to drink wine and beer, and the lads entice their schoolfellows to do the same when they visit the house. Who can tell where it will end, for they already are fond of drink. Oh, it is sad, Eric. High and low, rich and poor, are all alike, and strong drink has the same effect upon them all. It is the curse of our dear old England, for it ruins thousands of English men and English women every year, in spite of all Christian efforts to trample it down. It stifles all their good feelings, ruins their health, and makes them behave like brutes, even to those they love. And at this holy season especially they call it hospitality and good cheer when they degrade themselves by drink, and forget all the meaning of what happened on that Blessed Day. You are rather too young, dear Eric, to understand this entirely, but I think that you partly realize what an evil it is.'

Eric's heart felt very full indeed, for he was beginning to understand how awful the effects of strong drink are.

And now, Eric, my dear boy, in a few minutes we part. Do not forget what you have seen to-night; and, oh, my child, never, never give way to strong drink, or you will break the hearts of those who love you.

As the guide spoke, the scene once more changed—the brilliant supper-room and the house and grounds gradually faded away, and Eric was standing by his guide's side in a small, lonely churchyard; the moon's bright rays flung a beautiful silver light over the gravestones, church, grassy walks, and distant hills and trees.

'Read the inscription on that marble cross, Eric,' and his guide pointed to a white cross close to where Eric stood. He knelt down and read, 'Sacred to the memory of Maud Milner, the beloved wife of the Rev. Arthur Milner.' It was his own mother's grave. He started with astonishment, and looked up quickly at the guide, but she was gone! The lady in dark clothes had vanished, and standing at the foot of the grave, Eric saw the form of his own dear mother clad in a robe of dazzling white; a halo of silver surrounded her head, and her face shone with a look of heavenly joy and love; she was bending slightly forward with outstretched arms—'Mother! mother! darling!' he cried, springing up just as a loud peal of bells clanged from the church tower.

'Eric darling, a happy Christmas.' Such

were the first words our hero heard that morning, whilst his sister knocked at his door and told him to get up. He rubbed his eyes, and was awake—in more senses than one. All the time that he was dressing he thought of the strange things that he had seen, and the wonderful words he had listened to in his dream, whilst through the window came the sound of the Christmas Bells, and poor Eric's eyes filled with tears. For the first time he would have to begin this day with his father by asking his forgiveness. A happy Christmas! Yes, it should be so for father and son. But the joy must have the prelude of a penitent word. The Rector was at celebration when he came downstairs, and all through the service he was thinking anxiously of Eric. Not even the influence of the day could rid the father of anxiety, and there was a sense of depression on him as he turned his steps homeward. Had he done his best for motherless Eric? Was he able to know of the present difficulties? A silent prayer rose from his heart as he went up the steps to the Rectory door. It opened and there was Eric. In one moment his arms were round his father's neck: 'Father dearest, I am so sorry to have given you such pain—forgive me. I see everything so clearly now, and I am so ashamed.'

It needed no more words to make Mr. Milner's heart overflow with thankfulness for the change which had come over Eric. Breathing a blessing on him, telling him where to look for strength to be brave when tempted, wishing him all the goodness of the season, he linked his arm in his son's, and they went on to meet Mona, who saw by the expression on both their faces that the clouds were gone, and all was bright again. It was indeed a happy Christmas. After the carol service in the afternoon, the father and his two children had their meal, and then, sitting by the fireside with one on each knee, he told them many a story of what the power of the Babe of Bethlehem had enabled girls and boys to do for God; what cravings they had resisted, and what holiness put on. He told them tales of the mother they had lost, and how she had helped him, and of all the talks they had often had together about what they would accomplish for their children. Then the three had many a harmless game, and the evening closed in on bright childish laughter, but also on a young boy and girl determined to spend themselves for the right, and to fit themselves for being soldiers of the Lord.

What is that at which for a moment in the dusk Mr. Milner seems to gaze? Is it a figure of a saintly woman smiling on the little group? Has he thought so much of her that in his mind's eye he sees her, or is there for a moment revealed to him a vision of the spirit world, and is the mother still watching over and caring for those she has left behind on earth?

Years have passed—again it is Christmas Eve. The choir practice at an East-end London church is over. The young curate walks away with a bright-looking boy. What words are these we hear?

'Never mind, dear fellow, he is your father, and you will never regret giving way to him. Take my advice, have nothing upon your mind of a kind to make you and him estranged to-morrow. May God bless you; and a happy Christmas.'

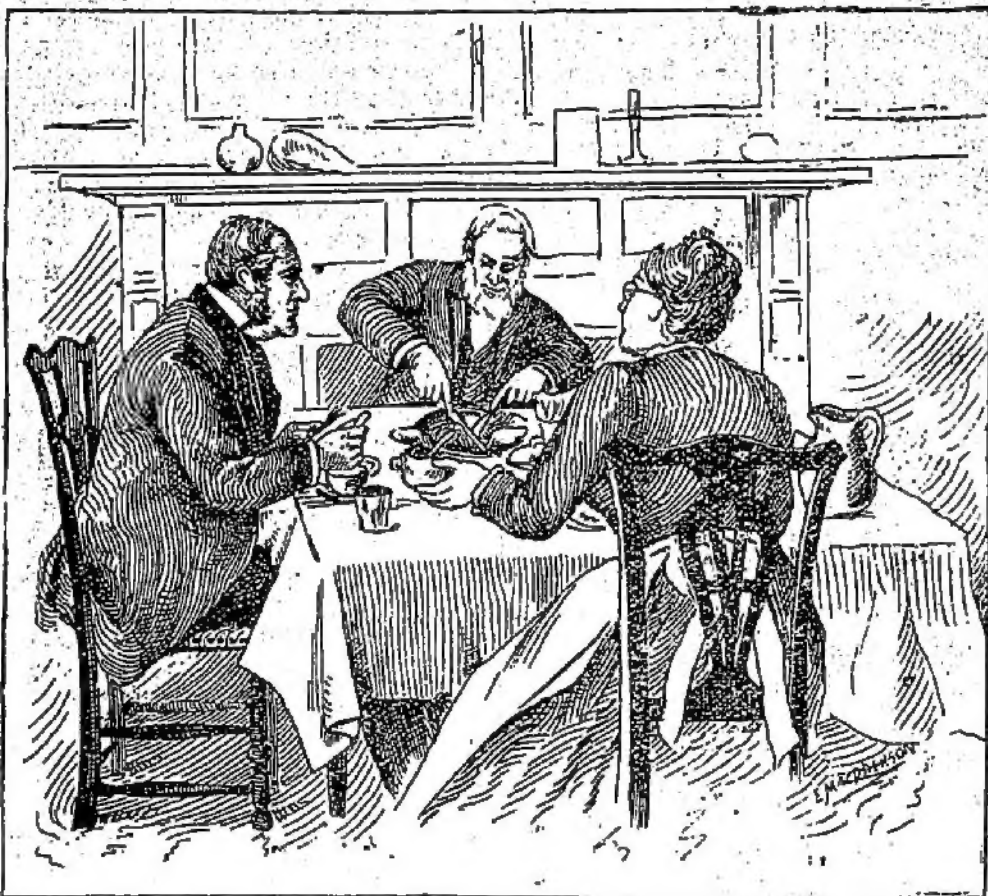
They separated, and the curate took from his pocket a letter. We look over his shoulder, and read the last lines.

'Father is writing you, so I will only tell you he is looking quite himself, but longs for a peep at his boy. It is delightful to think that we are to have you for a few days after your Christmas work. Darling, all our most loving greetings go out to you for the holy season—Ever your own sister, MONA.'

'God bless them ever,' says the young man, as he enters the house in which his rooms are situated. He turns his head—why, it is Eric Milner!

SPEAK OF IT.

Talk about the questions of the day! There is but one question and that is the gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. My only hope for the world is the bringing of the human mind into contact with divine revelation.—Gladstone.



'I done well by him, killed a duck, and made quite a fuss gen'rally.'

AN ANGEL OF THE SLUMS.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE, IN 'LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.'

It wuz one of the relations on his side. Proud enough wuz my pardner of him, and of himself, too, for bein' born his cousin (though that wuz unbeknown to him at the time, and he ort not to have gloried in it.)

But tickled wuz he when word came that Elnathan Allen, Esquire, of Menlo Park, California, wuz a comin' to Jonesville to visit his old friends.

That man had begun life poor, poor as a snipe—sometimes I used to handle that very word 'snipe' a describin' Elnathan Allen's former circumstances to Josiah, when he got too overbearin' about him, for a woman can't stand only jest about so much agrivatin' and trendin' on before she will turn like a worm. That is Bible, about the worm, and must be believed.

What used to mad me worst wuz when he would get to comparin' Elnathan with one of 'em on my side who was shiftless. Good land! 'Zekiel Smith hain't the only man on earth who is ornary and no account. Every pardner has 'em, more or less, on his side and on hern; let not one pardner boast themselves over the other one—both have their drawbacks.

But Elnathan had done well; I admitted it, only when I wuz too much put upon.

He had gone fur west, got rich, invested his 'capital first rate—some of it in a big eastern city—and had got to be a millionaire.

He wuz a widower with one child, the Little Maid, as he called her. He jest idolized her, and thought she wuz perfect.

And I spoze she wuz uncommon, not from what her Pa said; no, I didn't take all his talk about her for Gospel. I knew too much.

But Barzelia Ann Allen (a old maid up to date) had seen her; had been out to California on a excursion train and stayed some time with 'em.

And she said she wuz the sweetest child this side of Heaven, with eyes of violet blue, big luminous eyes that drew the hearts and souls of folks right out of their bodies, when they looked into 'em, so full of radiant joy and heavenly sweetness wuz they.

And hair of wavering gold, and lips and cheeks as pink as the hearts of the roses that chambered all winter round her winder, and the sweetest, daintiest ways, and so good to everybody, them that wuz poor and sufferin' most of all.

Barzeel wuz always most too enthusiastic to suit me. But I got the idee from what she said that she wuz a uncommon lovely child.

Good land! Elnathan couldn't talk 'bout anything else. Like little babblin' brooks runnin' towards the sea, all his talk, every anecdote he told, and every idee he set forth, jest led up to and ended with that child, jest like creeks.

And he himself told me so many stories about her bein' so good to the poor, and sacrificin' her little comforts for 'em, at her age, too, that I thought to myself, I wonder why you don't take some of them object lessons to heart, why you don't sit down at her feet and learn of her, and I wondered, too, where she took her sweet charity from, but spozed it wuz from her mother—her mother had been a beautiful woman, so I had been told. She wuz a Devereaux—nobody that I ever knew, nor Josiah—Celesto Devereaux.

The little girl wuz named for her mother, but they always called her the Little Maid. Wall, to reason, and to hitch the horse in front of the wagin agin, (allegory).

Elnathan had left the Little Maid and her nurse in that eastern city where he owned so much property, and had come on to pay a flyin' visit to Jonesville, not forgettin' Loontown, you may be sure, where a deceased aunt had jest died and left her property to him.

He wuz close.

He had left the Little Maid in the finest hotel in the city, so he said. He had looked over more'n a dozen, so I hearn, before he could get one he thought wuz healthy enough and splendid enough for her. At last he selected one, standin' on a considerable rise of ground, with big, high, gorgeous rooms, and prices higher than the very topmost cupola and loftiest chimbley pot.

Here he got two big rooms for the Little Maid and one for the nurse. He got the two rooms for the child, so the air could circulate through 'em. He wuz dretful pertikular about her havin' air of the very purest and best kind there wuz made, and the same with vittles and clothin', etc.

Wall, while he wuz a goin' on so about pure air, and the values, and necessity on it, I couldn't help thinkin' of what Barzelia had told me about that big property of hisen in the eastern city where he had left the Little Maid.

Here, in the very lowest part of the city, he owned hull streets of tenement houses, miserable old rotten affairs, down in stiflin' alleys and courts, breeders of disease and crime and death.

At first some on 'em fell into his hands by a exchange of property, and he found they paid so well that he directed his agent to buy up a lot of 'em.

Barzelia had told me all about 'em; she wuz jest as enthusiastic about what she didn't like as what she did. Folks generally be. Barzelia didn't approve on't no more than I did. She said the money got in that way, by housin' the poor in such horrible, pestilential places, seemed jest like makin' a bargain with Death, rentin' houses to him to make carnival in.

And while he wuz a talkin' to such great length, and with such a satisfied and comfortable look onto his face, about the vital necessities of pure air and beautiful surroundin's in order to make children well

and happy, my thoughts kep' a roamin' and I couldn't help it. Down from the lovely spot where the Little Maid wuz, down, down, into the dreadful places that Barzelia had told me about—where Squalor, and Crime, and Disease, and Death walked hand in hand, gathering new victims at every step, and where the children wuz a droppin' down in the poisonous air like dead leaves in a swamp.

I kep' a thinkin' of this, and finally I tackled Elnathan about it, and he laughed, Elnathan did, and begun to talk about the swarms and herds of useless and criminal humanity comberin' the groun', and he threw a lot of statistics at me, but they didn't hit me. Good land! I wuzn't afraid on 'em, nor I didn't care anything about 'em, and I gin him to understand I didn't. And in the cause of duty I kep' on a tacklin' him about 'em houses of hisen, and advisin' him to tear 'em down and build wholesome ones, and in place of the worst ones, to help make some little open breathin' places for the poor creeters down there, with a green tree or some flowers, or grass now and then.

And then again he bring up the utter worthlessness and shiftlessness and viciousness of the class I wuz a talkin' about.

And then I says: 'How is anybody a goin' to live pattern lives when they are starvin' to death. And how is anybody a goin' to enjoy religion when they are a chokin'?'

And then he threw some more statistics at me, dry and hard ones, too, and agin he sees they didn't hit me, and then he kinder laughed agin and assumed somethin' of a jokeular air—such as men will when they are talkin' to wimmin', dretful exasperatin', too—and sez he:

'You are a philosopher, Cousin Saman-cha. And you must know such houses as you are a talkin' about are advantageous in one way, if in no other. They help to reduce the surplus population. If it wuzn't for such places, and for the electric wires, and bomb cranks, and accidents etc., the world would get too full to stand up in.'

'Help to reduce the surplus population!' sez I, and my voice shook with indignation as I said it. Sez I:

'Elnathan Allen, you had better stop a pillin' up your statistics for a spell and come down onto the level of humanity and human brotherhood.'

Sez I: 'Spozen you should take it to yourself for a spell. Imagine how it would be with you if you had been born there, unbeknown to yourself,' sez I; 'if you wuz a livin' down there in them horrible pits of disease and death; if you wuz a standin' over the dyin' bed of wife, or mother, or other dear one, and felt that if you could bring one fresh, sweet breath of air to the dear one dyin' for want of it, you would almost barter your hopes of eternity.'

'If you stood there in that black, chokin' atmosphere, reekin' with all pestilence and moral death, and see the one you loved best a slippin' away from you, borne out of your sight, borne away into the unknown on them dead waves of poisonous, deathly air, I guess you wouldn't talk about reducin' the surplus population.'

I had been real eloquent and I knew it, for I felt deeply what I said.

But Elnathan looked cheerful under all my talk. It didn't impress him a mite, I could sec.

He felt safe. He wuz sure the squalor and sufferin' never would, or could, touch him. He thought in the words of the hymn, slightly changed, that 'He could read his title clear to mansions' with all the modern improvements.'

He and the Little Maid wuz safe. The world looked further off to him. The woes, and wants, and crimes of our poor humanity seemed quite a considerable distance away from him.

Uncloved prosperity had hardened Elnathan's heart—it will sometimes—hard as Pharo's.

But he wuz a visitor, and one of the relation on his side, and I done well by him, killed a duck, and made quite a fuss gen'rally.

The business of settlin' the estate took quite a while, but he didn't worry any; he said the nurse wuz good as gold; she would take good care of the Little Maid; she wrote to him every day—and so she did, the hussy, all through that dretful time to come.

Oh dear me! oh dear suz!

The nurse Jean had a sister who had come over from England with a cargo of troubles and children after Jean had gone on to California.

And Elnathan, good-natured when he wuz a mind to, he had listened to Jean's story of her sister's woes, with poverty, hungry children and a drunken husband, and had given this sister two small rooms in one of his tenement houses and asked so little for them that they wuz livin' quite comfortable, if anybody could live comfortable in such a nasty spot.

Their rooms wuz on top of the house, and wuz kept clean, and so high up that they could get a breath of air now and then. But the way up to them led over a crazy pair of stairs, so broken and rotten that even agents wuz disgusted with 'em and had wrote a letter to Elnathan asking for new stairs and new sanitary arrangements as the deaths wuz so frequent in that pertikular tenement that the agent wuz frightened for fear they would be complained of by the city fathers—though them old fathers can stand a good deal without complainin'.

Wall, the agent wrote, but Elnathan wuz at that time building a new orchid house (he had more'n a dozen on 'em before) for the Little Maid; she loved them half-human blossoms.

And he wuz buildin' a high palm house, and a new fountain, and a veranda covered with carved lattice work around the Little Maid's apartments, and a stained-glass gallery leading from the conservatory to the green-houses and these other houses I have mentioned, so the Little Maid could walk out to 'em on too sunny days, or when it misted some.

And so he wrote back to his agent that he couldn't possibly spend any money on stairs or plumbing in a tenement house, for the repairs he wuz making on his own place at Menlo Park would cost over a hundred thousand dollars, and he felt that he couldn't fix them stairs, and he thought, anyway, that it wuzn't best to listen to the complaints of complainin' tenants—and he ended in that jokeular way of hisen:

'That if you listened to 'em and done one thing for 'em, the next thing they would want would be velvet-lined carriages to ride out in.'

And the agent, havin' jest seen the tenth funeral a wendin' out of that very house that week, and bein' a man of some sense, though hampered, wrote back and said, 'Carriages wouldn't be the next thing they would all want, but coffins.'

He said sense he had wrote to Elnathan more than a dozen had been wanted there in that very house, and the tenants had been bore out in 'em.

(And laid in fur cleaner dirt than the filth they wuz accustomed to there.) He didn't write this last; that is my own eppisodin'.

And agin the agent mentioned 'the stairs, and agin he mentioned 'the plumbin'.'

But Elnathan was so interested then and took up in tryin' to decide whether he would have a stained-glass angel, or some stained-glass cherubs a hoverin' over the gallery in front of the Little Maid's room, that he hadn't a mite of time to argue any further on the subject—and he telegraphed,

'No repairs allowed.'

'ELNATHAN ALLEN.'

Wall, Elnathan had got the repairs on his own house all made, and the place looked magnificent.

Good land! it ort to; the hull place cost over a million dollars, so I have hearn. I don't say that I am positive knowin' to it, but Barzelia gets things pretty straight—it come to me through her.

The Little Maid enjoyed it all, and Elnathan enjoyed it twice over, once and first in her, and then, of course, in his own self.

But the Little Maid looked sort o' pimpin' and her little appetite didn't seem to be very good, and the doctor said that a journey east would do her good.

And jest at this time the dowry in Loontown fell onto Elnathan, so they all come east.

(To be Continued.)

THE KIND OF PREACHING many want is that which will permit them to serve the devil all the week, and then to go to church on Sunday without losing their self-respect. —*Ram's Horn.*

